

## An End to All Things

WHEN they parted he had fallen at her feet and kissed the hem of her dress. How ridiculous a demonstration it appeared to him to-day, and yet he dreaded to meet her again. She had treated him atrociously, he had considered at the time. Englished, she had amused herself with him, and then given him his conge. She was a married woman and he had seen a boy.

He recalled every incident of the farewell. A youthful passion it may have been, but—he could not dispute it even now—it was a passion that left its mark.

There had been a conservatory opening out of the rooms she occupied. It was in the conservatory that he had made himself the most absurd—there, and for a moment at the piano, at which she had seated herself indifferently, and where he had knelt to her like a lover in "The London Journals." She had strolled along, sniffing at the flowers, saying cruel things to him in her new and careless voice, and he had followed her wistfully like a whipped dog, pleading to be readmitted to favor. A spray of fern that she had dropped had been captured by him passionately—she had touched it in their last moments together. She shrugged her shoulders with a sneer, and his eyes flared at her cruelty.

"What do you suppose there was in a boy like you to hold a woman like me?" she had asked.

It was the blarneyest thing she could have said, and he remembered that at that he had broken down altogether. Good heavens, how preposterous he had been—how wrongly he had gone to work, always being pathetic and reproachful!

However, it was over. He had not "found balm for his wounds in six months" as she had prophesied, but in nine years he had married, and forgotten her existence entirely until it was recalled to him by the sight of her name in the visitors' list.

Now the recollections rushed back at him, and while he laughed at his former self as a fool, he was conscious of a strange tremor at the prospect of seeing her once more.

He loved his wife sincerely. Twelve months ago he could have contemplated meeting Mrs. Jernyngham without misgiving. But he had been married 12 months. The time had not lessened his love, but it had naturally dispelled the romance. After all, to be "in love" with a woman is a greater safeguard against others than to "love her." He was bound to acknowledge to himself that he was frightened at the thought of seeing Mrs. Jernyngham again. He had, as a matter of fact, avoided the Casino since he knew she was in Dieppe.

He put down his paper and looked across at Nellie reading a Tauchnitz novel. How pretty she was, and how trustful! What would she say, could she divine his present mood? Sinless as it was, it would cut her to the heart. Bah, he was fool. Why should that make him afraid to venture out of doors? He was not fond of her still—of course he was not.

The Tauchnitz novel dropped to Mrs. Maxwell's lap.

"What are you thinking about, darling?" she asked.

"I was thinking how charming you look in that frock, my dear," he answered. He preserved the habit of making graceful speeches to his wife. Cynical bachelor friends said he forgot who she was—that it was the force of habit.

"There was a nasty black wrinkle between your eyebrows, Jack, and you were tugging your mustache, as you always do when you're 'put out.' I do look charming in this frock, I admit it—but you weren't thinking so."

"Nellie, come here. Do you remember, soon after we were married, you asked me a question. You asked me if I had ever cared deeply for another girl than yourself."

"I remember," said Nellie. "Yes?"

"I told you what an infernal idiot I had once made of myself over a married woman. I asked you, too, never to use a certain scent because it reminded me of her. You know all that?"

"I know; I know; go on!"

"Well, she's here, that's all, and—confound it—I'm rather sorry."

"Oh!" said Nellie. And then there was a pause between them. She was the one to break it.

"It—it's quite all over, Jack? She couldn't, she daren't attempt to? You're married—you would simply have to bow and pass on. Besides, by your own account she was—well, she didn't care for you any more. Why should you mind seeing her?"

"I don't know," he muttered, irresolutely; "I'd rather not, that's all. Anyhow, let's talk of something else. We are leaving Dieppe the end of the week; as a matter of fact, I dare say I shall never come across her!"

she objected on principle to her husband being nervous of a rencontre with any woman in the wide, wide world.

"Come for a walk," she said, "and don't be such a stupid boy. One would think you were in love with her now, to hear you talk. You'll make me jealous!" And she made a mirthless pretense at a laugh which would have deceived no living soul but a husband. "Get ready, I'm going to put on my hat—and if you're very good you shall come and watch me lose all our money in the Casino."

She had never been more bewitching or coquettish in their courtship than she was during that evening. Far more plainly than the man himself she realized that she had a rival—though it might be only a memory—and she put forth all her forces to annihilate her. Beautiful, doubtless? Jack would never have been captured by a woman who was not good looking. And a woman of the world also? Jack hated schoolgirls! "Nevertheless," mused Mrs. Maxwell, contemplating her reflection complacently in one of the mirrors of the gaming rooms, "I think I ought to be capable of holding my own against the lady, I really do!"

The wrong horse came in again, and again, undeterred by ill fortune, she drew a ticket from the bowl.

As she lifted her head she felt her husband beside her give a galvanic start. The next instant, following the direction of his gaze, she knew the woman.

"Plain," she meditated; "evidently fallen off! Now, I wonder if she has charm of manner enough to make him lose sight of that, or if I dare venture on a heroic course?"

"My darling, don't you think we've played this idiotic game long enough?" said Jack in a strained voice. "Let us go into the terrace."

So he could not even trust himself in the same room with her, couldn't he? It was too bad; really, it was humiliating.

"You go, dearest," replied Mrs. Maxwell, sweetly. "I know you hate to be here, and I am much too infatuated to leave off yet myself. Go and smoke your cigar in peace and the fresh air, and come back for me when you've finished it. I shall be perfectly safe, and I mean to 'break the bank!'"

Jack departed obediently, and out of the tail of her eye his wife watched the other woman take note of it.

"Now, will she follow him or not?" she asked herself. "Not just yet, I suppose—it would be too marked. Patience!"

It was ten minutes later when Mrs. Jernyngham sauntered carelessly from her place at the table out through the glass door, and Mrs. Maxwell clasped her hands in her lap with sudden nervousness. After all it was a heroic course. Had she been rash and foolhardy? There was moonlight outside, and the lapping of waves. Fatal adjuncts to such a matter! In the moonlight, too, the creature's appearance would be softened and refined. She had made a mistake, perhaps—she had placed him in temptation she would have avoided. Should she join him—rescue him, while there was still time? No! She would not, she would stand her chance. Moonlight or no moonlight, she would risk it. . . . Two francs more—and the devil take the hindmost!

They came face to face—she had planned it so—and her slight gesture of surprise was perfect. "Mr. Maxwell you? Is it possible?"

"How do you do, Mrs. Jernyngham. I— I was going to say he was pleased to meet her, but decided not to."

"I did not know you were in Dieppe. Have you been here long?"

"I have been here, with my wife, about a month," he answered.

"With your wife? Really?" She gave a faint smile—a smile he remembered very well. "So you are married—am I to congratulate you?"

"Thank you," he said; "you are very kind. Your husband is—"

"He's dead; so don't inquire about his health. You were always making blunders of that sort." She laughed. "I used to correct you in that fashion long ago, didn't I? You see, I haven't changed. Well, well, well, and so you're married? I told you you'd marry—you didn't believe me then!"

"Ah, but you were right."

"Of course I was right. Shan't we sit down?—or won't your wife let you? I say, are you henpecked? You used to be the sort of boy who'd be henpecked. Perhaps you've improved since those days."

She leaned forward, and fixed her eyes on him in just the manner he used to find so irresistible. Somehow it seemed less distracting now. The eyes had not altered perhaps, but her face was older, and that expression looked out of place on it. There was even a sadness to him in beholding the change that time had wrought in her. The woman whose memory had thrilled him so was gone. He had thought about her so much, and now she did not exist. It was pathetic, and—what was more painful still—this wreck of Nora Jernyngham could not join with him in mourning for her. He wept alone.

"You are not glad to see me!" she said.

He was not; he was sorry. His very soul was full of regret, of sympathy. But he could not tell her so, and he listened for ten minutes courteously to her distressing provocations, her disheartening pleasuries. Then he rose.

She would not make a conquest of him again, she knew it perfectly; he had escaped from her chariot wheels for all time.

"Then I suppose this is the last time you will be likely to see me?" she said, shaking hands in good-by.

"I suppose so," he answered. But to himself he said that the last time he had ever seen her had been nine years ago.

Mrs. Maxwell looked up inquiringly as he returned to her.

"Amuse yourself, dearest?" she said, innocently.

"I shall be amused to-morrow," replied Maxwell, "when I can laugh at myself! To-night, somehow, I cannot."

And Mrs. Maxwell, understanding, was content.—Black and White.

### What Did She Mean?

Yeast—Did you tell your wife you were going to bring me home to tea with you, to-night?

Crimsonbeak—Yes, I did.

"And what did she say?"

"Then we would have a lobster for tea."—Yonkers Statesman.

It has been demonstrated repeatedly in every state of the Union and in many foreign countries that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a certain preventive and cure for croup. It has become the universal remedy for that disease. M. V. Fisher of Liberty W. Va., only repeats what has been said around the globe when he writes: "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family for several years and always with perfect success. We believe that it is not only the best cough remedy, but that it is a sure cure for croup. It has saved the lives of our children a number of times." This remedy is for sale by Lee Beall, druggist.

At the second rabbit drive on the West Side last Thursday, about 50 people assisted and something near 500 rabbits were killed. A few people went out from Lakeview, and they were entertained at supper, and in dancing at the Union school house by the West Side people.

I want to let the people who suffer from rheumatism and sciatica know that Chamberlain's Pain Palm relieved me after a number of other medicines and a doctor had failed. It is the best liniment I have ever known of.—J. A. Dodgen, Alpharetta, Ga. Thousands have been cured of rheumatism by this remedy. One application relieves the pain. For sale by Lee Beall, druggist.

### Notice of Final Account.

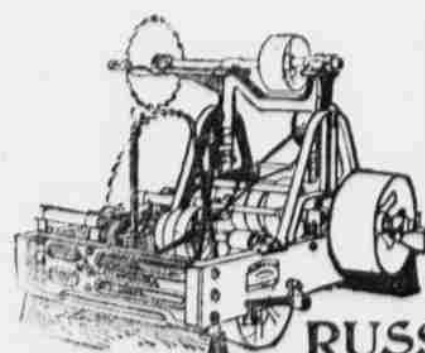
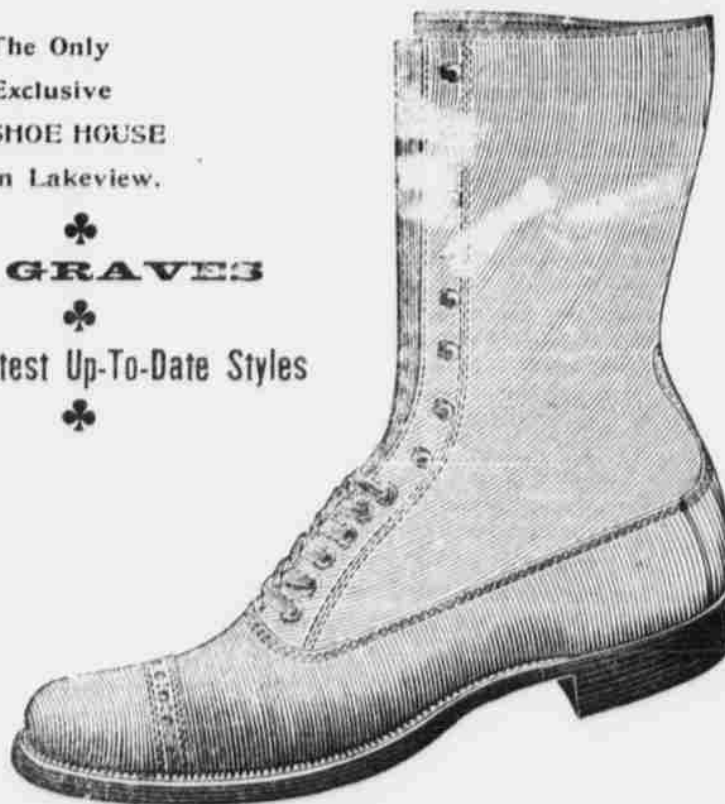
In the Matter of the Estate of Lee F. Robart, deceased. Notice is hereby given that I have filed my final account as administrator of said Estate, with the County Clerk of Lake County, Oregon, and that the Judge of the County Court of said County has set the hearing thereon for Tuesday, the 31st day of March, 1901, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the County Judge's office of said County, at which time and place, objections, if any there be, can be offered to the allowance of said final account. Lakeview, Jan. 17, 1901. JOHN McELHUSNEY, No. 2 Administrator.

## The Red Shoe Store.

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### Having a Great Run on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

Manager Martin of the Pierson drug store informs us that he is having a great run on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He sells five bottles of that medicine to one of any other kind, and it gives great satisfaction. In these days of influenza there is nothing like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to stop the cough, heal up the sore throat and lungs and give relief within a very short time. The sales are growing, and all who try it are pleased with its prompt action.—South Chicago Daily Calumet. For sale by Lee Beall, druggist.

### ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF BENJAMIN WARNER, DECEASED. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned has been, by an order of the County Court of Lake County, Oregon, made and entered on the 8th day of December, 1900, duly appointed as Administrator of the Estate of Benjamin Warner, deceased. All persons indebted to said Estate are hereby requested to settle such indebtedness with the Administrator at once, and those having claims against said Estate will present the same, duly verified, to the undersigned, at his residence in New Pine Creek, Lake County, Oregon, within six months from the first publication of this notice. Administrator of the Estate of Benjamin Warner, Deceased. Dated December 19th, 1900. 30-5

### ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF HARRIET WATERS, DECEASED. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned has been, by an order of the County Court of Lake County, Oregon, made and entered on the 4th day of September, 1900, duly appointed as Administrator of the Estate of Harriet Waters, deceased. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to settle such indebtedness with the administrator at once, and those having claims against said Estate will present the same, duly verified, to the undersigned, at his residence in Paisley, Lake County, Oregon, within six months from the first publication of this notice. Administrator of the Estate of Harriet Waters, Deceased. Dated January 24, 1901. 32-5

### TIMBER LAND NOTICE

United States Land Office, Lakeview, Oregon, Nov. 8, 1900. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the public land States by act of August 4, 1892, Frank Grob of Langell Valley, county of Klamath, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 286 for the purchase of the NE 1/4 of Section No. 8 in Township No. 41 S., Range No. 15 E. and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Lakeview, Oregon, on Saturday, the 19th day of January, 1901. He names as witnesses: J. W. Green, of Lakeview, Oregon; F. A. Fitzpatrick, of Lakeview, Oregon; S. B. Craft of Langell Valley, E. Duncan of Langell Valley. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 19th day of January, 1901. E. M. BRATTAIN, Register.

### TIMBER LAND NOTICE

United States Land Office, Lakeview, Oregon, December 28, 1900. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the public land States by act of August 4, 1892, Hattie Chandler of Lakeview, county of Lake, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 281, for the purchase of the SW 1/4 of Sec. 1, of Section No. 18 in Township No. 38 N., Range No. 22 E. and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Lakeview, Oregon, on Saturday, the 9th day of March, 1901. She names as witnesses: S. B. Chandler, F. A. Smith, Wm. Smock, Eli Barnum, all Lakeview, Oregon. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 9th day of March, 1901. Jan. 3-52 E. M. BRATTAIN, Register.

### PROFESSIONAL.

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Physician and Surgeon.  
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OFFICE—Lakeview Drug Co's Store.

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HAMMOND & SPERRY.  
Attorney-at-Law.  
Lakeview, Or.

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Physician and Surgeon.  
Lakeview, Oregon  
OFFICE—X. Arner's Residence.

I. F. COVY  
Attorney at Law  
Lakeview, Oregon  
OFFICE—Daly Building

C. H. DALRYMPLE  
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Lakeview, Or.  
OFFICE—Daly Building

C. B. WATSON  
Attorney-At-Law.  
Ashland, Oregon.  
Will attend to any civil business entrusted to him in any of the counties of the First Judicial District.

W. J. MOORE  
Attorney-at-Law, Notary Public  
Lakeview, Or.  
OFFICE—Daly Building

DR. E. B. RAMSBY  
Horse Trainer  
Lakeview, Oregon

DR. O. F. DEMOREST  
Dentist  
Lakeview, Oregon  
OFFICE—Daly Building.

### SHEEP BRANDS

James Barry Brands with Swallow Fork in right ear for ewes; reverse for wethers. Some ewes Square Crop and Bill in right ear. Tar Brand III. Range, Crane Lake. Postoffice address, Lakeview, Oregon.

Zac Whitworth Brands with Crop off left ear. Hair Undercrop off right for ewes; reverse for wethers. Tar Brand W. Range, Fish Creek. Postoffice address, Lakeview, Oregon.



In effect October 28, 1900.

No. 1.	Ly.	Reno.	At	No. 2.
9:00 a. m.	Ly.	Reno.	At	4:40 p. m.
11:25 a. m.	At	Plumas	At	2:15 p. m.
11:45 a. m.	Ly.	Plumas	At	2:15 p. m.
2:30 p. m.	At	Shoshone	At	11:20 a. m.
6:20 p. m.	At	Termin.	Ly.	8:00 a. m.

T. F. DUNAWAY, V. P. and G. M. J. H. BENNETT, G. F. and P. A.

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